

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, March 20. 1708

I Have had Abundance of Letters and other Importunities, to engage me to enter more nicely into the Subject of the present Invasion of *Scotland*, and the Gentlemen are very angry with me, that I will not give my Opinion of the Temper of *Scotland*, and what may be expected from them on this Occasion ; because having been so long and so lately there, they suppose, I ought to know something more of those People in particular, than other Folks do ; nay, some certain Gentlemen have been so angry, that I would not enter upon this Subject, that they have, as it is said, banished the poor *Review* from a certain *Coffee-House* they use, not far from the Center of Government, because I have not gratify'd their Desire.

As to the Importunity of the Gentlemen, it will not yet move me to enter upon a Subject, in which I have no Thoughts of doing Service ; for if I should handle this Matter with that Plainness and Impartiality, that I desire to handle every Subject with, which I speak of, I think, I must tell some unhappy Truths, which at present are better conceal'd, *at least which it can do none but our Enemies any Good to discover* ; and I am not by importunate Importunities to be moved to say, what I think can do no Good.

In the next Place, the Town is so full of your Union-Doctors, who think, they can mend all the Faults of the Union, and then *make Doubts in it for themselves to resolve*, that I thought it was to no Purpose to en-

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gage in a Thing, which others pretend to say all about that can be said.

And, as if one Malecontent Author, *who tells us now in a threatening Manner, that we had not best provoke the Scots*, were not enough, here is another come to Town, who pretends to engross all that can be said; and in his first *Scots Observer*, as he calls it, has the Face to say in so many Words, that he is a *mortal Enemy to the Union*——

Now, Gentlemen, here is One says, the Union *can be alter'd*, another says *it cannot*; one says *he bases the Union*, another says *he is for it*; and what middle Way can I take? Let them fight it out; *if I must give you my Opinion*, it is, that they both meddle with what they do not understand, they both want *French Spectacles*, and I think neither of them worth your Notice.

As to the Gentlemen that have banish'd the *Review* from ———'s *Coffee-House*, they are heartily welcome, and the Town shall have my Hand for it at an Time, that not a *Coffee-House* in the Nation takes it in; nor do I believe it shall be read to less Pur-

pose, if no Body saw it, but those who design'd to reap some Advantages by it.

But at last, if you want to know in general, what the Temper of *Scotland* is as to Union, *French Invasion*, &c. I must first give you a few Preliminaries, and then I'll tell you my Opinion of them in an *Enigma* or Allegory, which if you will apply, without Prejudice, will let you into the true Sense of the Matter.

First, You must talk of *Scotland* here, as that Part of *Scotland*, who both in Kirk and State acted against the Union, but acquiesc'd in it, when over-rul'd; as for those who both are and were for the Union in general, the Question does not relate to them.

Secondly, You are to expect, that *Papists*, *Jacobites* and the *Episcopal Dissenters* are universally against the Union, and would very gladly see it dissolv'd again, and therefore these are not at all meant here; but of the other you may make some Judgment from the following Lines, if you have any Skill in Riddling, and do not misconstrue them.

Æ N I G M A.

A WIDOW I, and long unwed,
That shut out Princes from my Bed;
Was Goy and Dainty, Bold and strong,
And courted both by Old and Young;
Had Sons and Daughters Brave and Fair,
Heirs for my Land, and Land to heir;
Strong Vows of Chastity too made,
And oft had sworn, I'd never wed.
And bow'd my Neck to Marriage Yoke.
But Doating now, as I grow Old,
Charm'd with fine Stories smoothly told,
Of Commerce, Neighbourhood, and Gold;
My Vows of Chastity I broke,

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And next I'll tell, since I am wed,
How my unchast Embrace has sped;

My

My Husband's *Rich*, and *Wise*, and *Strong*,
 Has Head and Hands, and *Muckle-Tongue* ;
 Pretends to Love, and *loudly boasts*,
 He'll keep Me whatsoe're it costs ;
 But Chagrin I, and Discontent,
 (*Tho' to my Spleen I give no Vent*)
 On all Occasions let him see,
 I mourn my mortgag'd Liberty.

Hurried by Fate unto my Fall,
 I own I lov'd him not at all ;
 Yet since 'tis done, and I am sped,
 By Tongue and Lug the Contract's made ;
 I do *design*, like Wife of Honour,
 My Reputation to *exoner* ;
 To loath'd Embrace resolve to *struckle*,
 Tho' I must own, it griev'd me muckle.

He had a Rival dwelt in *France*,
 A Youth of Hope, but born by chance ;
 Who sent me Word, while he was Young,
 He'd liberate Me, *when grown strong* ;
 But I, by Faith and Wedlock ty'd,
 Howe're unwillingly :

DENY'D.

Told Him, I'd to my Vows be true,
 And wou'd resist, shou'd He pursue.

The Youth, enrag'd with Rival Fire,
 Ambition prompting strong Desire ;
 Plotts and Entreaties all in vain,
 And out of Hopes my Love to gain ;
 Resolving now *no more to wooe me*,
 But with Revenge and Hate pursue me ;
 Joyns with my Foes, and both prepare,
 For Rapes, for Ravishments, and War.

My Spouse, a Prince of muckle Fame,
 Well known by Character and Name,
 Tho' I'm indeed a *furly Wife*,
 Declares he loves Me as his Life ;
 Bids me *not fear* the young Pretender,
 While I have him for my Defender ;

Swears

Swears that he'll be my CHAMPION,
 And guard my Safety *as his Own* ;
 Rigs out his Fleets *with muckle Speed*,
 And sends *his Troops* 'gainst I have Need ;
Stands by Me, like a Man of Honour,
 And wishes He had had Me sooner.

If he does but this Business clever,
I'll be his faithful Wife for ever ;
 For tho' I was not free to marry,
 As fearful lest I should miscarry ;
 Afraid his Politicks would lurch me,
 And his Prelatick K..... unchurch me,
 Yet I hate the Loon that would debauch me.

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I shall prejudge none of your Opinions about the WIDOW above, but leave you to the most *ill-natur'd* Constructions, you can find in your Heart to make ; *only premise this*, if any of you are offended at the Rudeness of my Widow, when she talks of her being so averse to her Marrying, *being drawn in, truckling to loathed Embraces*, and the like ; you must observe, the Words are the Widow's, not Mine, and put into her Mouth here to represent the true and more ill-natur'd Complaints, she makes daily of her Marriage, tho' at the same time, *Honest Woman as She is*, she will not break the Contract neither. But of this hereafter.

E R R A T A, in our Last.

PAGE, 687. Col. 1. Line 24. for *they won't say*, read, *because they won't say* ; *ibid.* l. 31. for *O who will you buy*, read, *O who will buy* ; *ibid.* l. 41. for *Meaneſt*, read *Meaneſs*.